

BLAZE CARSON

SEPT.
NO. 1

THE FIGHTING SHERIFF!

10¢
K



Broadway Fashions

ruffles present
a pretty case
of flattery...

on this breeze-cool dress with zipper placket. Cotton-crisp white eyelet top with summer-light rayon in pink, blue or aqua. Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20

Style No. 105

6⁹⁸



Send for free Broadway Fashions Catalog
599 Broadway, New York 12, N.Y.

pique steals
the show...

in a wonderful,
washable topper
for summer.

White, maize, aqua,
copen or pink pique.

Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15
12, 14, 16, 18, 20

Style No. 257

7⁹⁸



Broadway Fashions Dept. 111-07 599 Broadway, New York 12, N.Y.

I will pay postman price plus postage and C. O. D. charges. I may return dress in 10 days for refund. If prepaid, Broadway Fashions pays postage. In New York City add 2% sales tax.

	Size	First Color Choice	Second Color Choice
105			
257			

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

☐ C. O. D.

☐ CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

Send No Money • SENT ON APPROVAL

BLAZE CARSON is published bi-monthly by U.S.A. COMIC MAGAZINE CORP. Office of Publication: 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Application for second-class entry under the Act of March 3, 1879 pending at the post office at N. Y. Additional entry at Medina, Ohio. Copyright 1948 by U. S. A. COMIC MAGAZINE CORP., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Vol. 1 No. 1 SEPTEMBER 1948 issue. Price 10c per copy. No similarity between any of the names, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is in any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A.

ie, New
York,
York
acters,
1, and

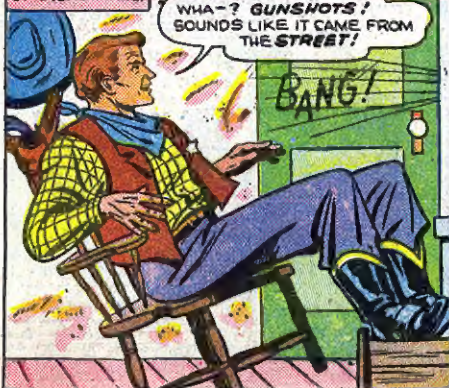
BLAZE CARSON



CAN A GUN INFLUENCE A MAN'S LIFE? CAN THE GHOST OF A FAMOUS KILLER ENTER INTO THE SOUL OF ANOTHER AND GUIDE HIS GUNHAND TO THE SWIFT, SURE STAB OF THE MASTER GUNMAN'S DRAW? CAN THE LEGEND OF THE **KILLER'S GUN** TURN INTO REALITY? THESE ARE THE PROBLEMS THAT FACE **THE SHERIFF** WHEN HE QUESTIONS THE...

**"LAW
OF THE
GUNFIGHTER!"**

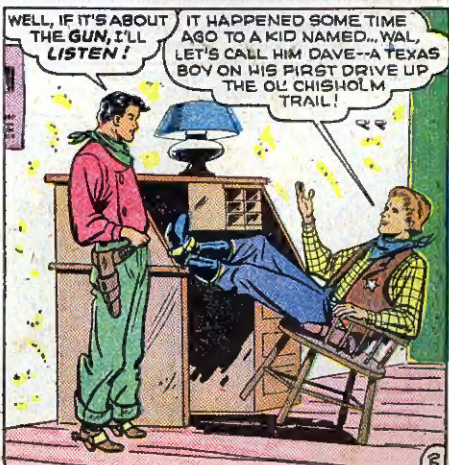
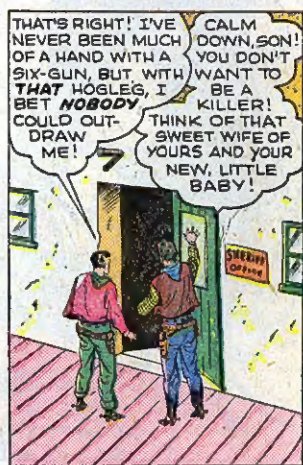
IT WAS A CHILLY AFTERNOON WHEN, SUDDENLY, THE SHERIFF'S GUEST WAS RUDELY INTERRUPTED BY THE UGLY BARK OF SIX-GUNS GROWLING THEIR DIRGE OF DISASTER...



IT'S YOUNG JEFF SAUNDERS! HE JUST KILLED MARK JECKLIN! HE DID IT WITH THAT **"BILLY THE KID" GUN!**

THE YOUNG FOOL! I KNEW HE'D WIND UP KILLIN' SOMEBODY IF HE PACKED THAT **KILLER GUN!**

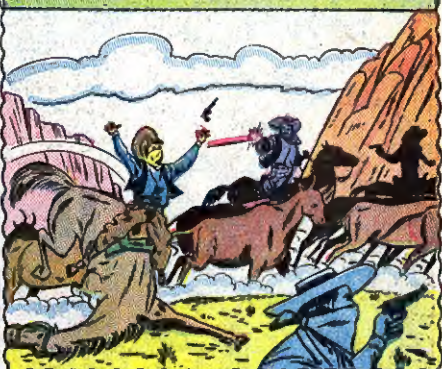




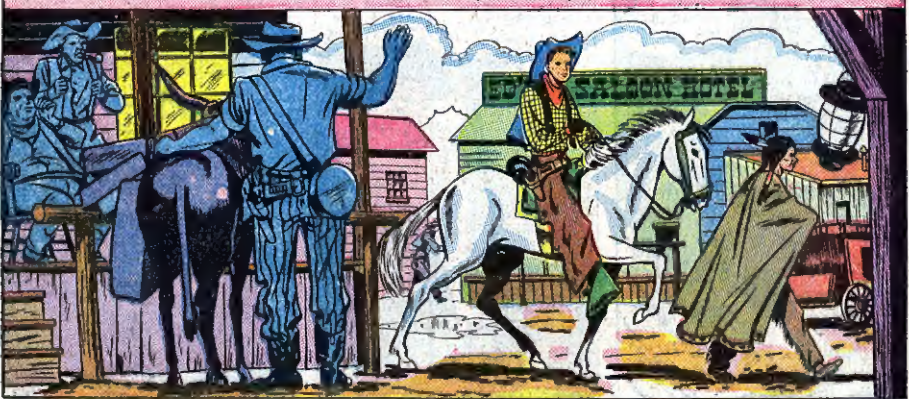
YOUNG DAVE WORKED FOR THE OLD DEAN HART OUTRIT IN TEXAS! WAL, AFTER THE WAR, TEXAS CATTLE HAD NO MARKET AND THE CATTLEMEN WERE **STARVING!** SO JESSE CHISHOLM, HART AND A FEW OTHER ENTERPRISIN' GENTS DECIDED TO DRIVE TO EASTERN MARKETS!



I GUESS YOU KNOW THE STORY OF THOSE GREAT DRIVES THROUGH SUN AND SNOW! HOSTILE INDIANS AN' THIEVIN'; KILLIN' WHITES, WATERLESS DESERTS, QUICKSAND, STORMS, SWOLLEN RIVERS AND **SUDDEN DEATH!**



THEN THE GREAT DAY! **DOODGE CITY!** THE DRIVE WAS OVER! DOODGE CITY HAD BEEN REACHED! HERE THE HERDS WAITED FOR BUYERS AND THE HANDS... AFTER MONTHS OF TIRELESS WORK AND CONSTANT TENSION, WENT TO TOWN TO RELAX! YOUNG DAVE RODE IN ALONE, WIDE-EYED, SPELLBOWN BY THE RAUCOUS TOWN!



AS DAVE DISMOUNTED, A SUD- DEN CHANGE CAME OVER THE STREET/AS THOUGH THROUGH SOME SLEIGHT-OF-HAND, THE STREET EMPTIED, LEAVING TWO MEN FACING EACH OTHER-TENSE IN THE GETTLING DUST!



YOU FOOL! DRAWING AGAINST ME WHEN I'M TOTIN' THE GUN OF BILLY THE KID!



WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT, OL' MARSHAL? MCCRAY CARRIES BILLY THE KID'S GUN! AN' Y'KNOW, THEY SAY WHOEVER USES THE KID'S GUN **CAN'T BE BEAT!** AN', BY JIMINY, LOOKS LIKE IT'S THE TRUTH!



WHEREVER YOUNG DAVE WENT, THE KILLING OF THE MARSHAL... AND THE FAMOUS GUN... WERE DISCUSSED!

I NEVER **SAW** SUCH A DRAW IN MY LIFE! MCCRAY WAS JUST **FAIR** WITH THE IRON UNTIL HE GOT HOLD OF **BILLY THE KID'S GUN!**

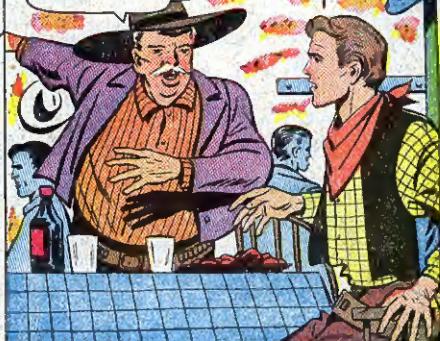
THEY SAY THAT GUN NEVER MISSES WHAT IT'S **AIMED** AT UNLESS A MAN GETS **SOFT** OR **CARELESS!** THEN HE DON'T **DESERVE** THE GUN ANYMORE!

ANYBODY WHAT **BUCKS** THAT GUN IS **PLUMB LOCO!**



DAVE! I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR YA! SOME THIEVING COYOTE'S STAMPEDED THE HERD AND RUSTLED THE **BEST** OF THE LOT! THEY KILLED ARAPAHOE AN' JOSH CLINE!

JOSH, MY BUDDY... **KILLED?**



I GOTTA FIND TH' **MARSHAL!** C'MON!

THE MARSHAL WAS KILLED THIS MORNING, MR. HART!



LOOK! **THERE'S** THE POLECAT WHO LED THE RAIDERS!

THAT-THAT'S **KILLER MCCRAY!**



THE FAMOUS GUN SLID INTO THE PALM OF THE SNEAKING KILLER'S PAW! IT TOLLED ITS VICIOUS CALL, BLASTING DEAN HART INTO THE DUST, THEN SPITTING ITS DEADLY FLAME AT THE BOY!



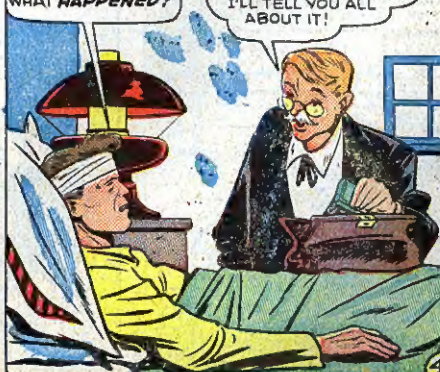
THEN A BLINDING SKULL PAIN... AND YOUNG DAVE FELL INTO A BLACK VOID, HIS SIX-GUN BUCKING AND ROARING IN HIS NUMBING HAND!



DAYS LATER, YOUNG DAVE AWOKE IN A STRANGE BED IN AN UNFAMILIAR ROOM...

WH-WHERE AM I? WHAT **HAPPENED?**

TAKE IT EASY, FRIEND! I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!



THE DOCTOR TOLD DAVE THE STORY OF THE GUNFIGHT IN WHICH DEAN HART AND KILLER MCCRAY HAD MET THEIR DEATH...

MCCRAY'S SHOT CREASED YOUR SKULL! BUT YOU KILLED HIM AS YOU WERE GOING DOWN! TH' MERCHANTS OF DODGE CITY ARE OFFERING YOU TH' MARSHAL'S JOB! HERE'S THE BADGE AND MCCRAY'S FAMOUS GUN! WITH THAT GUN AT YOUR HIP YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE MUCH TROUBLE KEEPING PEACE IN DODGE CITY!

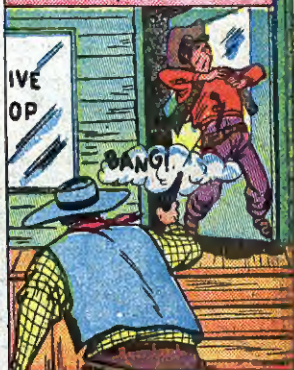
GOSH! BILLY THE KID'S GUN!

WEEKS PASSED AND YOUNG DAVE, FULLY RECOVERED EXCEPT FOR OCCASIONAL HEAD PAINS, PATROLLED THE STREETS OF DODGE CITY—A MARSHAL, RESPECTED AND FEARED, HIS REPUTATION FOR RUTHLESS ACTION GROWING DAILY...

THAT'S THE THIRD MAN THE MARSHAL'S CUT DOWN IN TWO DAYS!

HE SHORE IS HANDY WITH THAT GUN! TOO HANDY!

TIME PASSED AND YOUNG DAVE SLOWLY CHANGED INTO A GRIM, RUTHLESS, KILLING MACHINE! THE GUN EVER READY IN HIS HAND! THEN, ONE MORNING...



NICE SHOOTIN', MARSHAL! IF THIS HOMBRE HAD HELD US UP THIS AFTERNOON, HE MIGHT HAVE REALLY MADE A HAUL!

WHAT? MY HEAD HURTS ME—PAINS ME! WHAT WERE YOU SAYING, RICHARDS?

CATTLE PURCHASING ASS'N.



I SAID... THIS AFTERNOON, THIS HOMBRE WOULD'VE MADE A HAUL! THE NEW TEXAS HEROS ARE DUE BY TOMORROW AND THE SYNDICATE IS SHIPPING ME \$100,000 IN GOLD FOR BUYING UP BEEF! SHOULD BE HERE TODAY!



AS DAVE WALKED AWAY, AN IDEA BEGAN FORMING IN HIS MIND! A TRAIN OF THOUGHT THAT WOULD NEVER HAVE OCCURRED TO HIM BEFORE THE COMING OF THE GUN INTO HIS LIFE...

\$100,000? THAT'S A HEAP OF MONEY! I WISH MY HEAD WOULD STOP HURTING SO'S I COULD THINK STRAIGHT! NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT ME! I COULD KILL RICHARDS AND TAKE THE MONEY! I WONDER IF I COULD GET AWAY WITH IT?



SURE I CAN GET AWAY WITH IT! SO LONG'S I HAVE THE GUN, I CAN DO ANYTHING! I'LL BLAST DOWN ANYBODY THAT STANDS IN MY WAY!



I'LL ESTABLISH AN ALIBI FIRST! TELL THEM I'LL PAY TOP PRICES! CASH ON THE BARREL HEAD!



AN HOUR LATER, DAVE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS!

WHERE AM I?
WHAT
HAPPENED
TO DEAN
HART?

JUST AS I
THOUGHT!
TAKE IT EASY!
DON'T YOU
REMEMBER
ANYTHING
THAT HAPPENED
SINCE THE FIGHT
WITH KILLER
MCCRAY?

NO- I SEEM TO
REMEMBER THE
FIGHT AN' SOME-
THIN' ABOUT BILLY
THE KID'S GUN-
THEN PAINS IN
MY HEAD! THAT'S
ALL!

MCCRAY'S
SHOT MUST
HAVE DONE
SOMETHING
TO YOUR
MIND- LOSS
OF MEMORY
AND SO FORTH!
THE GLOW YOU
SUSTAINED
DURING THE
FIGHT JUST A WHILE
AGO EVIDENTLY
RIGHTED WHAT
WAS WRONG!

THE DOCTOR TOLD YOUNG DAVE
THE STORY OF THE KILLER'S GUN
AND THE PART HE HAD PLAYED IN
ITS BLOODY HISTORY!

... AND YOU BECAME AS **RUTHLESS**
AS ITS OTHER **POSSESSORS!**
THE SKULL SHOT WOUND YOU
PREVIOUSLY RECEIVED **AFFECTED YOUR**
BRAIN! SUCH AN INJURY CAN
BRING ON **AMNESIA, CHANGE IN**
YOUR **PERSONALITY,** AND SOME-
TIMES EVEN BRING ON
CRIMINAL TENDENCIES!

UNDER THE EFFECTS
OF THE **CONCUSSION,**
ANY LITTLE THING
THAT STICKS IN
THE MIND CAN
INFLUENCE THE
BEHAVIOR OF
THE PATIENT!

CHANGE OF
PERSONALITY!
CRIMINAL
TENDENCIES!
INFLUENCE ON
BEHAVIOR?

HERE'S YOUR GUN, THANKS, DOC,
THE GUN OF BILLY THE KID!
IT FEELS ALL
RIGHT- JUST A
HEADACHE- BUT IT'S
A **CLEAN** HEADACHE!
NOT LIKE THE PAINS I
REMEMBER BEFORE!

AS DAVE WALKED AWAY FROM THE
DOCTOR'S HOUSE, HIS MIND
WAS IN A TURMOIL...

IT WASN'T THE GUN- IT WAS ME!
THE GUN SHOT WOUND IN MY
HEAD! I WAS SICK AND INFLU-
ENCED BY THE SIGHT OF THE
GUN! THEN I BECAME A
DIFFERENT PERSON, A
RUTHLESS, COLD
KILLER!

UNDER DAVE'S GAZE, THE GUN BECAME A SINIS-
TER, UGLY, MOCKING THING! IT SEEMED TO WRITHE
AND TWIST ON HIS PALM LIKE A RATTLESNAKE!

I'VE GOT TO GET **RID** OF IT! I'LL **THROW IT**
WHERE NO ONE CAN FIND IT! NO ONE WILL HAVE
TO GO THROUGH WHAT I WENT THROUGH!

SO DAVE THREW THE GUN
INTO A DEEP ARROYO
AND RODE AWAY FROM
DODGE CITY AND THE
KILLER GUN!

GOSH!



THE GUN REMAINED LOST FOR TEN YEARS! THEN SOME PROSPECTOR FOUND IT AND SOLD IT TO THE GUNSMITH IN TUCSON! YOUR DAD SAW IT AND BOUGHT IT FOR YOU, JEFF!

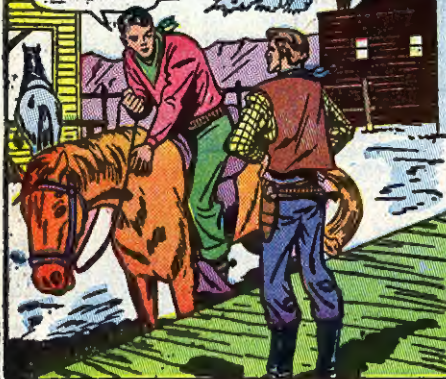


I SAID I'D GIVE YOU BACK THE GUN AFTER I TOLD YOU THE STORY! HERE IT IS!

NO! NO! I DON'T WANT IT! I DON'T WANT TO GET LIKE THAT FELLER DAVE IN THE STORY DID!



I'M GOIN' HOME TO BLANCHE AND THE BABY! PLEASE, SHERIFF, GET RID OF THAT KILLER'S GUN! THROW IT AWAY LIKE THAT FELLER DAVE DID!



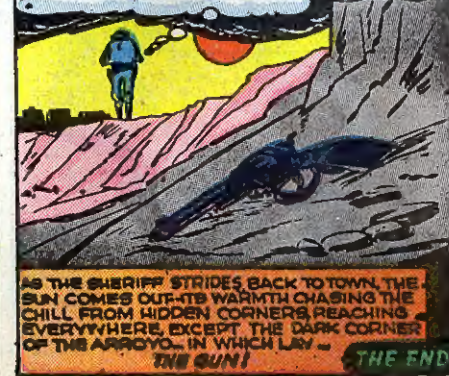
BILLY THE KID'S GUN! THE KILLER GUN! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE IT AGAIN!



THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE... LIKE THE ARROYO DAVE THREW IT INTO!



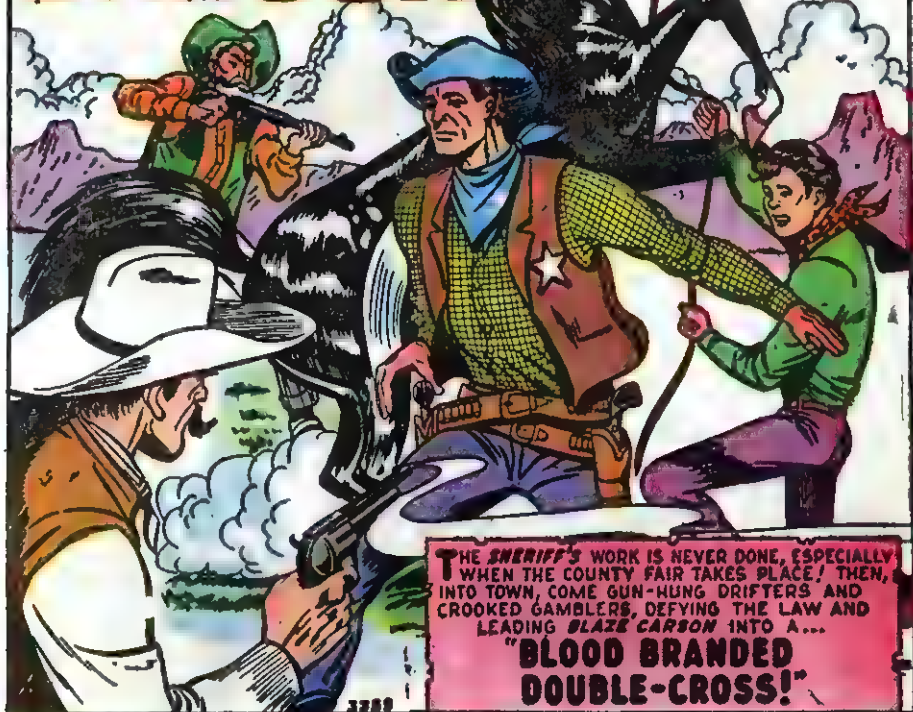
WELL, THAT'S THE SECOND TIME IN TEN YEARS I THREW THE KILLER'S GUN AWAY! LET'S HOPE THIS TIME IT STAYS BURIED!



AS THE SHERIFF STRIDES BACK TO TOWN, THE SUN COMES OUT ITS WARMTH CHASING THE CHILL FROM HIDDEN CORNERS, REACHING EVERYWHERE, EXCEPT THE DARK CORNER OF THE ARROYO... IN WHICH LAY THE GUN!

THE END

BLAZE CARSON



THE SHERIFF'S WORK IS NEVER DONE, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE COUNTY FAIR TAKES PLACE! THEN, INTO TOWN, COME GUN-HUNG DRIFTERS AND CROOKED GAMBLERS, DEFEYING THE LAW AND LEADING BLAZE CARSON INTO A...

**"BLOOD BRANDED
DOUBLE-CROSS!"**

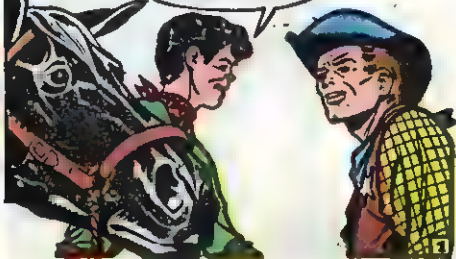
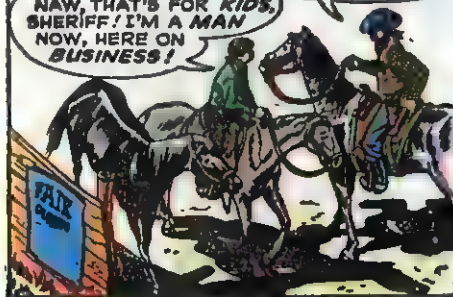
THE ANNUAL FAIR ARRIVES, GIVING CATTLEMEN AND FARMERS AN OPPORTUNITY TO DISPLAY LIVESTOCK, GREET OLD FRIENDS AND RACE FAST HORSES! BLAZE CARSON, THE SHERIFF, IS ON HAND TO GREET OLD FRIENDS... AND YOUNG ONES!

THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL MARE, JOHNNY! IS YOUR FATHER GOING TO RUN HER IN THE BIG RACE TOMORROW?

NO, SIR, HE'S NOT! YOU SEE, SHERIFF, MY FATHER DIED LAST SPRING! I RAISED MIDNIGHT FROM A FOAL, BUT I BROUGHT HER TO TOWN TO SELL HER! MOM SAYS I'M THE MAN OF THE FAMILY NOW!

WELL, IF IT ISN'T JOHNNY BUTLER! GOING TO WIN THE PIE EATING CONTEST THIS YEAR, JOHNNY?

NAW, THAT'S FOR KIDS, SHERIFF! I'M A MAN NOW, HERE ON BUSINESS!



I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOUR DAD IS DEAD, JOHNNY! SAY, MAN TO MAN, HOW ABOUT EATING WITH ME? I HATE TO EAT ALONE! SO YOU'D BE DOIN' ME A BIG FAVOR!

ALL RIGHT, IF WE CAN GET SOME OATS FOR MIDNIGHT! SHE'S A BEAUTIFUL HORSE, ISN'T SHE, SHERIFF?

COUNTY



THE MARE IS ADMIR'D BY OTHER EYES, TOO! GREEDY, VICIOUS EYES...ACE CASSELL AND SNIP MARRA, GAMBLER AND GUNMAN, SPOT THE MARE AS SHE PASSES!

LOOK AT THAT HORSE! IF I HAD HER, I'D CLEAN UP IN THAT RACE TOMORROW! THE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR PURSE PLUS SOME FOOL'S MONEY WOULD MAKE A NICE HAUL!



OLD BUTLER IS DEAD, EH? IN THAT CASE, I'LL JUST BUY THE HORSE FROM THE KID FOR PEANUTS AND RUN HER MYSELF TOMORROW! YOU CAN RIDE HER!

I'LL WIN IN A WALK! WE BETTER WAIT TILL THAT SNOOPIN' SHERIFF VAMOOSSES, HUH, BOSS? I DON'T LIKE HIM!



AN HOUR LATER, JOHNNY AND HIS BELOVED MIDNIGHT ARE IN THE STABLE IN BACK OF THE HOTEL WHERE THE SHERIFF HAS FOUND A ROOM FOR HIS OLD FRIEND'S SON!

THAT BRAT HAS THE MARE IN PERFECT CONDITION! SHE'LL BE A CINCH TO WIN THAT RACE TOMORROW! I'LL TALK TO THE KID!

THE SHERIFF SAYS MEBBE I WON'T HAVE TO SELL YUH, MIDNIGHT! GEE, WOULDN'T THAT BE SWELL? HE SAYS IF I WIN THE RACE, I'LL GET MONEY TO BRING HOME LIKE DAD USED TO DO!

I'LL TEACH YUH TO TALK BACK TO ME, YOU BRAT! I'LL FIX YOU AND THE HORSE!

CASSELL!

YOU LEAVE MIDNIGHT ALONE! OWW!

WHACK!



WANT TO SELL YOUR HORSE, KID? I'LL TOP ANY OTHER OFFER YOU'LL GET!

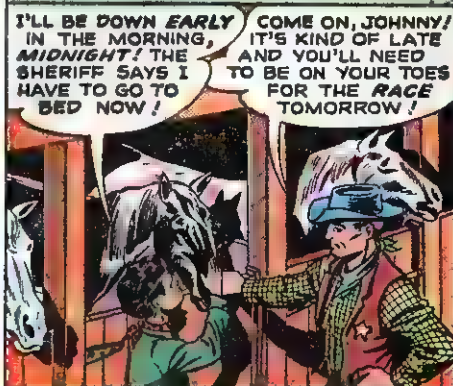
I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH YOU'D PAY! I WOULDN'T SELL HER TO YOU FOR A MILLION DOLLARS! GO AWAY! YOU MAKE MIDNIGHT NERVOUS!



I'VE WANTED TO DO THIS FOR A LONG TIME, CASSELL!



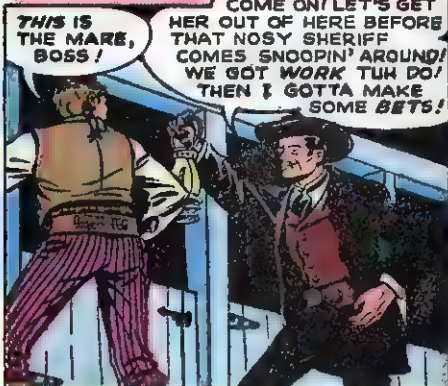
AFTER MIDNIGHT IS GROOMED TO JOHNNY'S SATISFACTION, HE BIDS HIS PAL GOOD NIGHT!



I'LL BE DOWN EARLY IN THE MORNING, MIDNIGHT! THE SHERIFF SAYS I HAVE TO GO TO BED NOW!

COME ON, JOHNNY! IT'S KIND OF LATE AND YOU'LL NEED TO BE ON YOUR TOES FOR THE RACE TOMORROW!

TWO HOURS LATER, TWO SHADY FIGURES INVADE THE GLOOM OF THE STABLE! THEY PAUSE AT MIDNIGHT'S STALL! THEN...



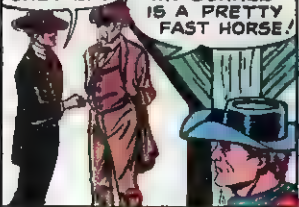
THIS IS THE MARE, BOSS!

COME ON! LET'S GET HER OUT OF HERE BEFORE THAT NOSY SHERIFF COMES SNOOPIN' AROUND! WE GOT WORK TUN DO! THEN I GOTTA MAKE SOME BETS!

ACE CASSELL DOES HIS WORK! THEN HE BEGINS TAKING BETS! THE SHERIFF IS MILDLY SURPRISED TO FIND ACE CASSELL BETTING ON A NEW ENTRY!

I HAVE FIVE THOUSAND SAYS MY HORSE WILL BEAT YOURS TOMORROW, BENDER! PUT UP OR SHUT UP!

I HAVEN'T GOT THAT MUCH IN CASH, CASSELL, BUT I'LL BET MY SPRING HERD AGAINST THE FIVE THOUSAND! MY SORREL IS A PRETTY FAST HORSE!



IT'S A DEAL, BENDER! YOUR SPRING HERD AGAINST MY FIVE THOUSAND!

YOU'RE A SLIPPERY CUSTOMER, BUT I THINK I HAVE YOU THIS TIME, CASSELL! I'LL SIGN THE HERD OVER RIGHT NOW!



ACE CASSELL MUST HAVE A PRETTY GOOD HORSE TO BET LIKE THAT! I THINK I'LL GO WAKE THE KID AND SEE IF MIDNIGHT IS ALL RIGHT!



MIDNIGHT IS GONE! SHE'S BEEN STOLEN, SHERIFF!

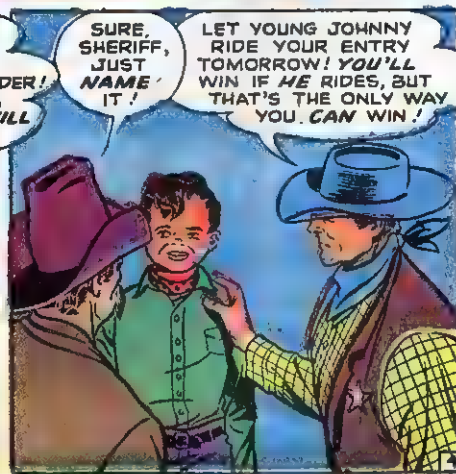
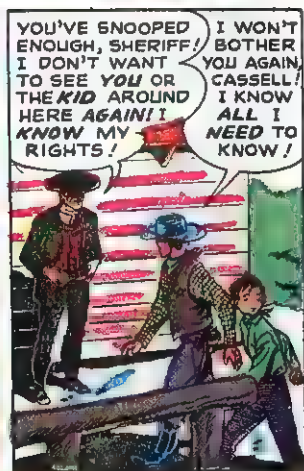
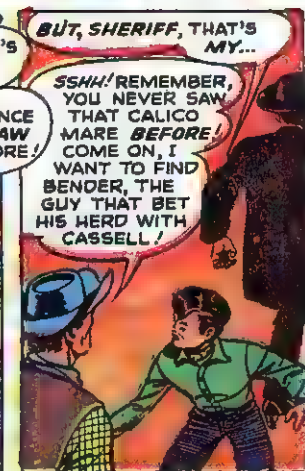
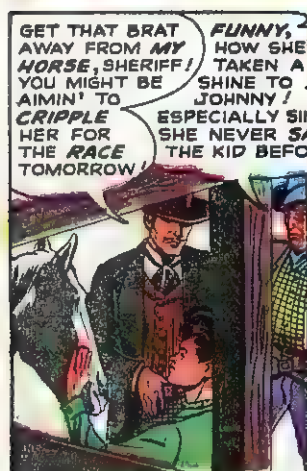
I HAD A HUNCH WHEN ACE CASSELL BET BIG MONEY THAT HE WAS UP TO SOMETHING! COME ON, LET'S GO AND SEE MISTER CASSELL!



I'D LIKE A LOOK AT THIS HORSE YOU'RE SO SURE OF! SHE'S NOT A BLACK MARE BY ANY CHANCE, IS SHE?

NO, SHE'S NOT A BLACK MARE! SHE'S A CALICO, AND SHE'S GOING TO WIN THAT RACE TOMORROW! SHE'S OVER IN MY STABLE NOW, IF YOU WANT TO TAKE A LOOK AT HER!





NEXT MORNING, THE DAY OF THE RACE, THE HORSES ARE GIVEN THEIR LAST RUBDOWN WHILE THE RIDERS CHECK THEIR EQUIPMENT!

MY SORREL WAS THE BEST AROUND UNTIL THAT **CALICO** SHOWED UP! SHE LOOKS AS THOUGH SHE'LL WALK AWAY WITH THE RACE!

DON'T WORRY, BENDER, THE KID'LL BE ON THE WINNER!



HELLO, LADY! I WISH I WAS RIDING YOU!



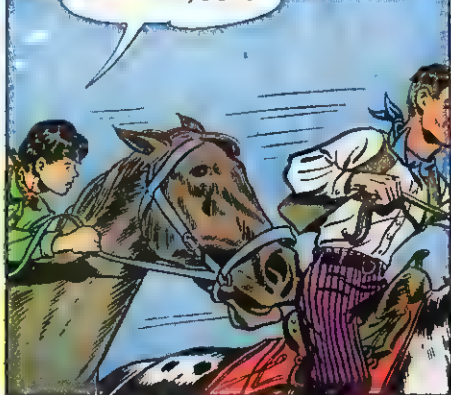
THE ENTRIES ARE LINED UP AT THE STARTING LINE! THE STARTER RAISES HIS GUN... HE FIRES... **THEY'RE OFF!**

GO, BOY!

BANG!



THE SHERIFF SAYS I HAVE TO STAY CLOSE! **COME ON, BOY!**



COME ON, FELLA! GET UP THERE, BOY!

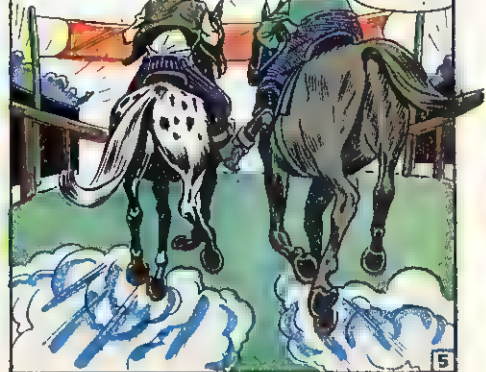


I TOLD YOU CASSELL WAS UP TO SOMETHING! HIS HORSE IS GOING TO WIN **EASY!**

TAKE IT EASY, BENDER, THE CALICO ISN'T GOING TO WIN **THIS RACE!**

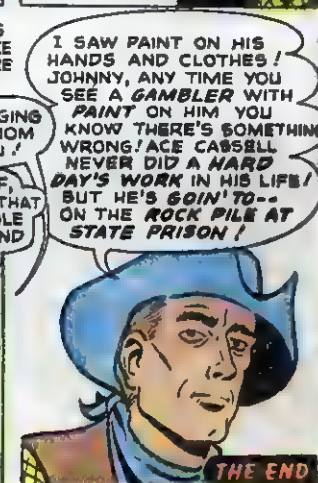
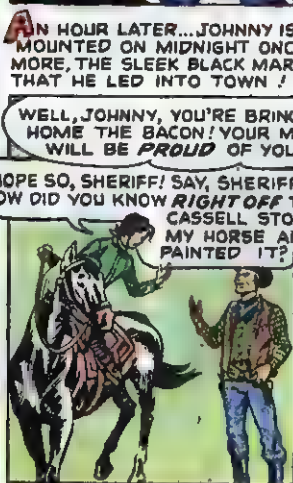
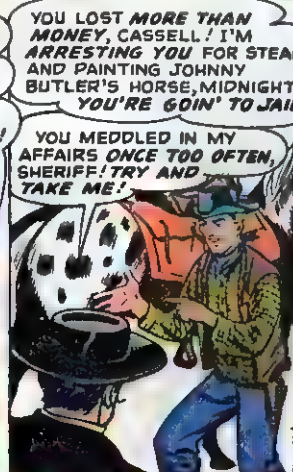
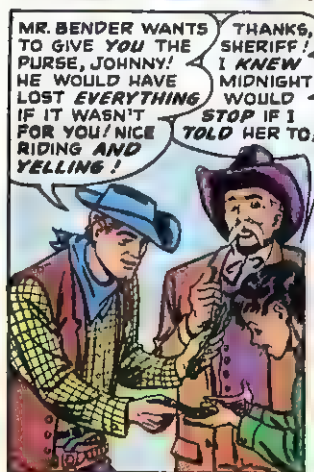


THE SHERIFF SAID TO WAIT TILL WE NEAR THE FINISH LINE AND **THERE IT IS! WHOA, MIDNIGHT! WHOA!**



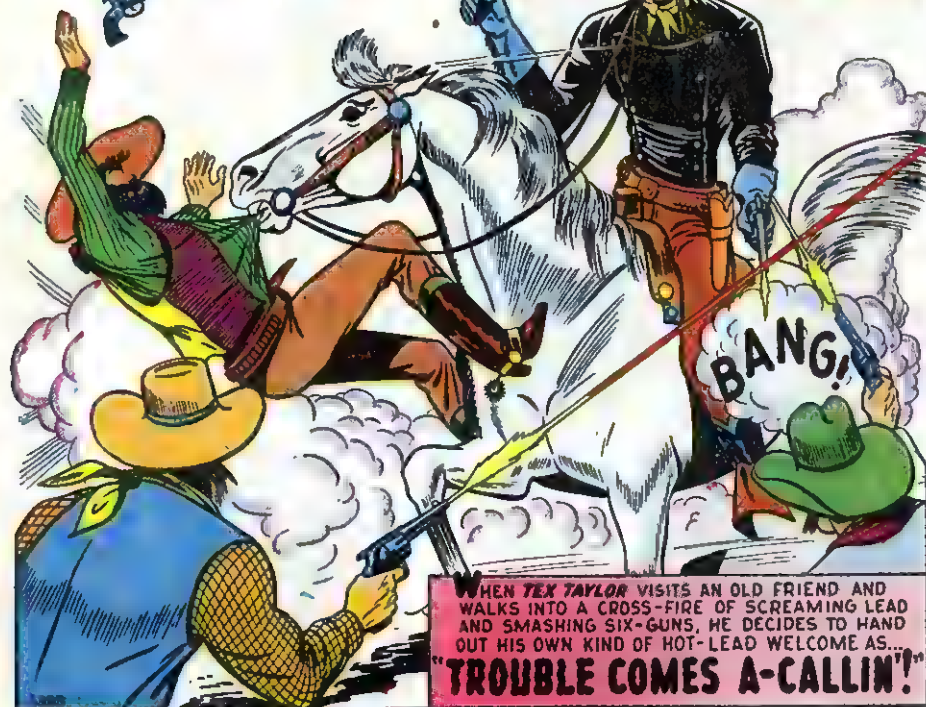


BENDER'S SORRELL SMASHES
ACROSS THE FINISH LINE--THE
VICTOR!



THE END

TEX TAYLOR

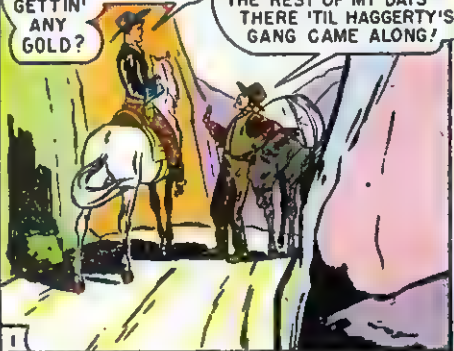


WHEN TEX TAYLOR VISITS AN OLD FRIEND AND WALKS INTO A CROSS-FIRE OF SCREAMING LEAD AND SMASHING SIX-GUNS, HE DECIDES TO HAND OUT HIS OWN KIND OF HOT-LEAD WELCOME AS...
"TROUBLE COMES A-CALLIN'!"

TEX TAYLOR TAKES THE TRAIL, NOT IN THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE, BUT FOR SOCIAL REASONS-- HE THINKS! HE'S OFF TO SEE AN OLD FRIEND, WINDY WILSON! BUT WINDY MEETS HIM HALFWAY...

I WAS ON MY WAY OUT TO VISIT A WHILE, WINDY! HOW'S THE CLAIM? GETTIN' ANY GOLD?

THET CLAIM IS DRY AS DEATH VALLEY IN A DROUGHT! I WAS AIMIN' TO SPEND THE REST OF MY DAYS THERE 'TIL HAGGERTY'S GANG CAME ALONG!



YEP, HAGGERTY, SHOWED UP WITH TWO-- THREE FELLERS! CALLED 'EM SURVEYORS! SAID I WAS ON HIS PROP'Y AN' TOLD ME T' GIT MOVIN'! T'WAS A MITE LONESOME THAR, BUT I USED TO TALK TO LILY, MY BURRO, HERE!

I THINK I'LL TAKE A RIDE OUT AND VISIT HAGGERTY, WINDY! YORE CLAIM'S OUT IN THE GAP, ISN'T IT? COME ON, FURY!



LOOK OUT, TEX!
IT'S HAGGERTY!

YEAH, AND HE DOESN'T
LIKE US, WINDY!

I DON'T LIKE **TRESPASSERS!**
THAT'S THE IDEA! NOW
GIT BACK DOWN THE
TRAIL BEFORE THE
NEXT SLUG PARTS
YORE HAIR!

GUESS I'M BEIN'
STUBBORN, BUT
I'M GOING TO HAVE
A LOOK AT YOUR
PLACE, WINDY! I'LL
SKIRT THE TRAIL AND
HIT THE CLAIM FROM
THE EDGE OF THE
CANYON!

WHAT'S
THE
IDEA
OF THE
SHOOTIN',
HAGGERTY?

THE BLAMED
CLAIM IS
WORTHLESS.
TEX! LET
HAGGERTY
HAVE IT!

SOON'S WE GET TO
THE BOTTOM OF THIS
SLIDE, FURY, I'LL TURN
YOU LOOSE AN' GO THE
REST OF THE WAY ON
FOOT! BE READY, HOSS,
I MAY NEED YOU
IN A HURRY!

A LITTLE LATER, TEX LOOKS DOWN
ON THE OLD PROSPECTOR'S CLAIM--
A HOLE IN THE GROUND AND
WINDY'S SHACK! THE
WHOLE THING HARDLY WORTH THE
COST OF HAGGERTY'S
BULLET...

I CAN'T FIGURE THE DEAL, FURY! WHY IS HAGGERTY
MAKIN' SO MUCH FUSS OVER A **WORTHLESS CLAIM?**
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THAT **BUGGY** DOIN' DOWN THERE?

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, TEX IS AT WINDY'S
CABIN WINDOW...

FIFTY THOUSAND IS
ALL I'LL PAY, HAGGERTY!
IF YOU DON'T ACCEPT,
I'LL DIG A TUNNEL
SOUTH OF HERE!

I'LL TAKE THE
FIFTY THOUSAND,
BANKROFT!
BUT YOU **KNOW**
THIS IS THE **ONLY**
ROUTE FOR A
RAILROAD! I
DIDN'T GAIN CONTROL
OF THIS PROPERTY
FOR **NOTHING!**

WHY, THE LOW-DOWN
CROOK! NOW I **KNOW**
HE PULLED A FAST
ONE ON WINDY!

GET 'EM UP,
SNOOPER! HEY,
BOSS, LOOK
WHAT I
FOUND!

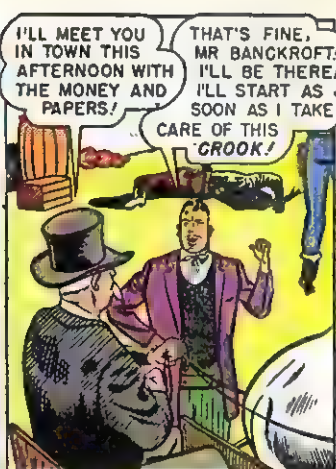


ANOTHER SNEAK THIEF, EH? YOU CROOKS NEED TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON! KNOCK HIM ON THE HEAD--QUICK!

I WONDER WHAT HE WAS ABOUT TO SAY?

BUT.. UGH!

CRACK



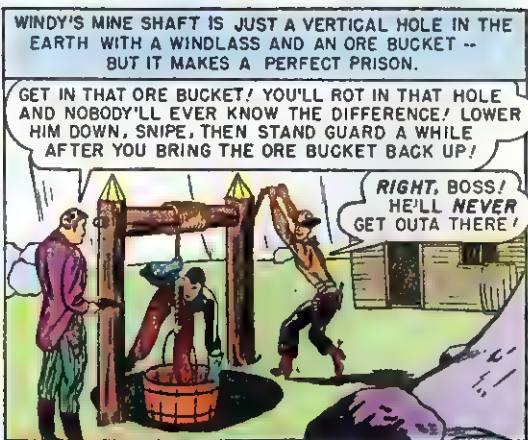
I'LL MEET YOU IN TOWN THIS AFTERNOON WITH THE MONEY AND PAPERS!

THAT'S FINE, MR. BANCROFT! I'LL BE THERE! I'LL START AS SOON AS I TAKE CARE OF THIS 'CROOK!



GIDDAP, THERE!

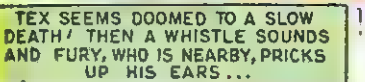
COMIN' TO, EH? WE'RE GONNA DUMP YOU DOWN THE OLD PROSPECTOR'S SHAFT! YOU KNOW TOO MUCH FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!



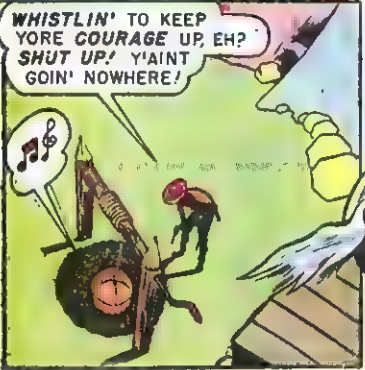
WINDY'S MINE SHAFT IS JUST A VERTICAL HOLE IN THE EARTH WITH A WINDLASS AND AN ORE BUCKET -- BUT IT MAKES A PERFECT PRISON.

GET IN THAT ORE BUCKET! YOU'LL ROT IN THAT HOLE AND NOBODY'LL EVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE! LOWER HIM DOWN, SNIPE, THEN STAND GUARD A WHILE AFTER YOU BRING THE ORE BUCKET BACK UP!

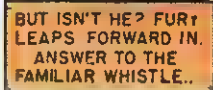
RIGHT, BOSS! HE'LL NEVER GET OUTA THERE!



TEX SEEMS DOOMED TO A SLOW DEATH! THEN A WHISTLE SOUNDS AND FURY, WHO IS NEARBY, PRICKS UP HIS EARS...



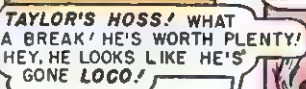
WHISTLIN' TO KEEP YORE COURAGE UP, EH? SHUT UP! Y'AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE!



BUT ISN'T HE? FURY! LEAPS FORWARD IN ANSWER TO THE FAMILIAR WHISTLE..

EE-Y-Y-I-I! GET HIM AWAY! EE-Y-Y-I-I!

NICE WORK, FURY! RIGHT IN THE BUCKET!



TAYLOR'S HOSS! WHAT A BREAK! HE'S WORTH PLENTY! HEY, HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S GONE LOGO!



GET 'IM, FURY!

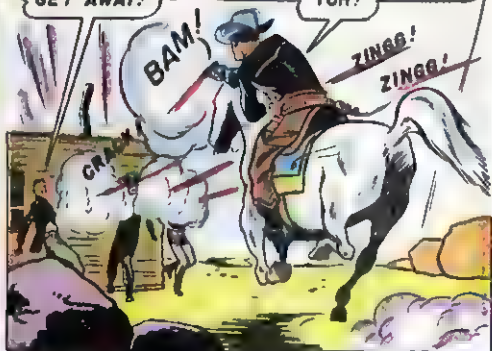
A MINUTE LATER, TEX CLIMBS OUT! EQUIPPED WITH THE GUARD'S GUN, HE JUMPS ON HIS FAITHFUL FURY...



LET'S GO, FURY! YOU DID YOUR PART-- NOW IT'S MY TURN!

IT'S TAYLOR! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

I'M NOT TRYIN' T'GET AWAY, HAGGERTY! I'M COMIN' FOR YUH!



THIS GUN'S EMPTY, BUT STILL USEFUL! HAVE A HEADACHE ON ME!



THAT'S FOR WINDY, HAGGERTY, AND THIS IS FOR THAT RAP ON THE HEAD, YOU COYOTE!

GET HIM, YOU FOOLS!

BANG!

CRACK!



POW!
BIF!

I WON'T BUNGLE THIS TIME, TAYLOR! YOU'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD!

GO AHEAD, HAGGERTY! SHOOTIN' AN UNARMED MAN IS ABOUT YOUR SPEED!

HAGGERTY AIMS, SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER, AND THERE'S A SHARP REPORT! IT'S THE CRACK OF A RIFLE-- WINDY'S!

NICE SHOOTING, WINDY!



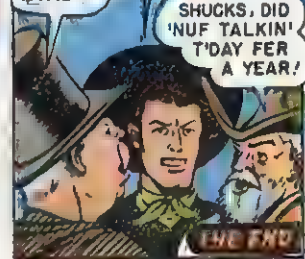
CLICK!



BANG!

CONGRATULATIONS, WELL, MR TAYLOR! AS SOON AS I SAW THOSE BIRDS, I KNEW SOMETHING WAS CROOKED! I'M BUYING THIS LAND FROM WINDY!

SHUCKS, DID 'NUF TALKIN' T'DAY FER A YEAR!



THE END

BLAZE CARSON

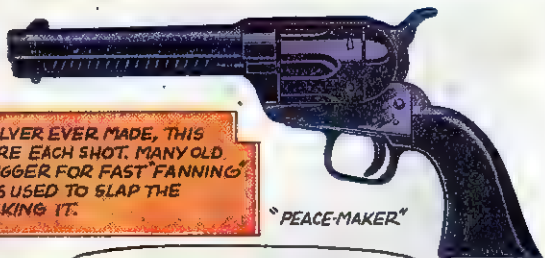
COLLECTION OF GUNS OF THE OLD WEST



THE COLT MUZZLE LOADING .44 CALIBRE "CAP AND BALL" DRAGOON OR HOLSTER PISTOL. IT WAS USED IN THE EARLY WEST FROM 1847 TO 1873.

THE COLT FRONTIER MODEL, .45 CALIBRE SINGLE-ACTION, BREECH LOADER OF 1873.

THE MOST POPULAR COLT REVOLVER EVER MADE, THIS WEAPON MUST BE COCKED BEFORE EACH SHOT. MANY OLD GUNMEN WIRED DOWN THE TRIGGER FOR FAST "FANNING" IN FANNING, THE FREE HAND IS USED TO SLAP THE HAMMER BACK, REPEATEDLY COCKING IT.



"PEACE-MAKER"

THIS 30-30 WINCHESTER CARBINE IS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR LEVER-ACTION RIFLES EVER USED IN THE WEST. IT'S MIGHTY WELL LIKED BY THE COWMEN 'CAUSE IT'S SHORT LENGTH MAKES IT EASY TO CARRY IN A SCABBARD SLUNG ON THE SADDLE!



THE COLT SINGLE SHOT DERRINGER PISTOL. THIS DERRINGER WAS POPULAR AMONG GAMBLERS AS A "VEST POCKET" TYPE WEAPON.

SHOP BY MAIL.

BELIEVE IN LUCK? - \$



Carry a pair of GENUINE
HAWAIIA RED LIVE
HIGHLY MAGNETIC
LODGEONER! Learn
magic. Overall Oriental
superstitions
carried two live
comes an MOST POW-
ERFUL MAGNETIC
"LUCKY" CHARM, and
"attract" Good Luck in Money, Love,
Business, Work, etc. the other to "prevent" Bad
Luck, Losses, Evil, Trouble, Harm, etc. Believers in
LUCK! Carry a pair of these curious Genuine Hawaii
Red Live Lodgeoner! We make no supernatural
claims. \$1.00 postpaid for the two, with all infor-
mation. \$1.00 and 25c extra if C.O.D. Mail-ordering
(GUARANTEED) or Money Returned. Order yours
NOW! ASTROL CO., Dept. A-522, Main P.O.
Box 72, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



CALLING ALL BOYS!

Yes, we're CALLING ALL BOYS,
and we're calling YOU, too.
Tune in on an interesting hobby that
pays big returns in fun-and-interest! Even helps to
prepare you for a career in radio! Learn how
to make your own simple, tubular, batteryless
crystal radio. Not a toy, but a real handy-to-good-
ness radio. Just send 25c. We will send you post-
paid by return mail a genuine Melanite crystal
with complete illustrated instructions for making
your very own set. Then you will enjoy competing
with others for long-distance reception. With crys-
tal and instructions. We send The Magic Crystal,
our own publication check-full of news, diagrams,
questions and answers of interest to you. Don't do
hurry! Send 25c today!

ALLEN RADIO, Dept. 107, Clinton, Mo.

MAGIC TRICKS!

To Mystify Your Friends
• Be the life of the party wherever you go.
Amaze and amuse your pals with mystifying
tricks and illustrations. Easy to do. Send just
15c in coin or stamps for our new catalog of
magic tricks and get out starting surprise
trick FREE. Write today!

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY (Dept. M7) 119 S. State Street, Chicago 3, Illinois

Learn about Earning Opportunities in THE BUILDING TRADES

FREE - Important Information. Tell
How to Get Started. Do you want
to be on the inside in the building
trade - where big money is made.
This is your chance now! HOME
TRAINING prepares you for these
big opportunities. Course recognized
by Building Industry. Approved for
Veterans. Write today - no obligation.
COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE, Dept. 980-9
1400 West Greenleaf Avenue, Chicago 26, Ill.

SADDLE RING

Authentic replica of championship
racing saddle! Meticulously formed
from solid Sterling Silver by expert
silver craftsmen. Men's, Women's,
Children's styles. Sent on approval!

SEND NO MONEY! Just clip ad and mail
with name, address, ring size and style. Pay post-
man only \$2.98 plus few cents postage on arrival.
Or send cash and we mail postpaid. Wear for 5
days. If not delighted, return for refund.
WESTERN CRAFTSMEN - Dept. 276 Omaha 2, Nebraska

READ PATSY WALKER!

MILLIE THE MODEL THE PRETTIEST, FUNNIEST, CRAZIEST GAL IN COMICS!

RAISE HAMSTERS



The new wonder animals from Syria.
Often called Toy Bears. Delightful
pets. Everyone wants them. Labora-
tories need thousands. Clean, odor-
less. Raise anywhere. A profitable
and interesting hobby or business.
We furnish breeders and instructions.
Write today for free book.
Buff Komtery, 1541 Basil St., Maple, Ill.

BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

with TRICKS & JOKES-MAGIC



- JOKES:
- Electric Hand Shaker 65c
 - Squirr Ring 65c
 - Plate Lifter 65c
 - Glibble Glass 49c
 - Crazy Mirror (Distorts Face) 25c
 - Jumping Candy 19c
 - Flitting Powder 15c
 - Instillation Roaches 15c
 - Paper Gum 15c
 - "Light Up" Saw Tea 1.98
 - Whirling Letter 29c
 - Rubber Point Panel 15c
 - Dirty Soap 15c
 - Hele to One Gum 15c
 - Glow in The Dark Paint 1.00
 - Hot Tooth Plugs 19c

MAGIC!

- Nail Tins Finger 19c
- Throw Your Voice (Ventrilo) 15c
- Magic Cards (Read from Book) 1.49
- Vanishes 49c

NOVELTIES:

- Stripless Necktie (Looks Clothes in The Dark) 1.04
- Necktie (Glow "Kiss Me" In The Dark) 1.49
- Realistic Snake 39c
- Big Fake Diamond Ring 39c

SEND NO MONEY
Just send Name, Address and
Tricks wanted. When package
arrive pay postman cost plus C.O.D. postage. If cash
is sent with order, we pay postage. Minimum order \$13
MAGISTER WRITER COMPANY, Dept. 845
810 S. Washington Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.

They're Easy to EARN



DONALD DUCK CAMERA

Boys & Girls! You have a choice
of either cash commission or any one of
20 weeks of our double-edge razor blades.
Your dad and his friends will be glad to
pay you 15c a pack for these better blades.
PRINT your name and address on a penny
postal and mail to me. I TRUST YOU
and will send you the blades. Sell them,
return the \$3 and I will send you the
premium offer of a ball point pen to your
blade buyers. Here's pleasure in store
for you. Write today!

SPORT BINOCULARS



OFFICIAL SIZE FOOTBALL

SYDNIE NATHAN

"TRICKY LIGHT BULB"



A Sensation. It lights up in
your hand, no wires attached.
Formerly used only by profes-
sional Magicians. Mystify.
Amuse. Confuse all your
friends. Lights up in Mouth,
Ear or Hand. Causes endless
Fun. Price with big Thrilling
Catalog.

THE MAGICIAN, Dept. 73
2403 Kensington Ave., Phila. 26, Pa.

HEY KIDS BRILLIANT BLONDIE

Girls..

You'll love her
SHE DRINKS-SHE WETS

- 12 Inches high.
- Lifelike Appearance.
- Moveable arms and legs.
- Bottle and Rubber Nipple.

The talk of the country! Dressed in
bright candy, dimples and bubbles.
Irresistible long blonde wavy hair.

CHEWING GUM MACHINE AND BANK

Kids and grown-ups
love it. Works like a
real gum machine. In-
sert coin out comes
REAL GUM. A sturdy
BANK. Can be opened
only with metal key
supplied. Order today.



Send No
Money
Order now! Pay postman plus
postage and C.O.D. charges
when delivered or send cash
with order and we pay postage.

BERNARD FINE CO., INC.
301 6th Ave. Dept. MCG6 New York 11, N.Y.



MIND OVER BRAWN

"If I hear one more word out of you, runt, I'll beat your ears off!" Mike said. "Fix that key to the lock, and don't say anything to anybody. Get me?"

Percy sighed, "O. K., Mike. I'm not gonna say anything."

After Mike had gone, Percy Ambrose Pierce lit a cigarette with trembling fingers and gazed reflectively through the dirty window of his gunsmith's shop. It had also been that way with him so far as he and Mike Velco were concerned.

They were the same age, these two, had gone to the same schools, lived only a few blocks apart—and yet even the most casual observer could tell that they hated each other.

Percy was small, agile, with a quick brain that made up for his lack of size, while Mike was huge and burly and owed his success to the muscular development of his body.

In school it had been Mike who made the touchdowns, smashing through the line, but it had been Percy who devised the plays and the team's strategy. It had been Percy, the tactician, who spotted the other team's weaknesses, who had the brains to devise defenses against the other's attacks, but, ironically enough, it had always been Mike who had to carry out Percy's ideas.

And oh, how Percy hated the fact that he had to depend on Mike and his brawn to carry through his plans! Mike, at the same time, was extremely unhappy that he had to depend on Percy.

So it went throughout their youth, and now in their manhood it was the same.

Percy, with his quick brain and hands, had opened a gunsmith's shop while Mike gradually drifted to the other side of the law. Many were

the guns that Percy had unwillingly procured for Mike, and many were the times he had been forced to supply information about various types of locks and keys in which Mike was extremely interested.

The climax to all this began when Mike came into the shop with a gun—a .45 automatic. He threw it heavily on the counter and said, "Here ya go, runt. I lifted this off a guy a couple of hours ago, and I like the feel of it. Fix it up so nobody will ever be able to recognize it. I'm gonna use it in all my future operations."

"But, Mike," Percy protested, "you'll have the cops down on me. I ain't supposed to do a thing like that. I run a legitimate business here, and I don't want no trouble."

Mike snarled, his big face convulsed with anger. "Don't give me any trouble, runt! You've been telling me how to act all my life, but no more! I'm sick and tired of it! Mike's got a brain or two in his own head—and I ain't gonna be told how to conduct my affairs by no half-pint squirt!"

Percy protested again, but it was no use. "How would you like to have this place torn up one night, or how would you like to find your head bashed in some morning?" Mike sneered.

Percy didn't have an answer . . . yet. "I wouldn't like it," he said.

"Then you'd better do like I say and shut up about it!"

As Mike went on about his business, Percy began his sweating. He knew, if Mike ever slipped up, the cops would be around to ask him some questions, and they'd find out he'd done the job on Mike's gun. He'd filed the serial number off and changed the working mechanism around, which in itself was a crime.

He read in the papers about several robberies and, although he had no proof, he felt that Mike was the man pulling the jobs. He was afraid to go to the police for help because he knew that Mike would be brought in for questioning and that the police had no more proof than he had. If they had even an inkling about Mike's activities, they'd have brought him in long ago. And he knew the first thing that Mike would do if he were arrested and then released. He shuddered inwardly, thinking of Mike's huge, bulging shoulders and massive sledge-hammer fists. What a wreck he could make of Percy's shop, but worse than that—what a wreck he could make of Percy!

But he still had no idea of how he could gain relief from this horrible millstone that was hanging around his neck and slowly strangling him to death. Then one day Mike came in with the gun.

"Here ya go, runt. I gotta have some work done. This gun ain't been touched since ya first fixed it, but now I want you to clean it and oil it up for me. I gotta have something I can depend on."

"What are ya gonna pull this time, Mike?" Percy asked innocently.

Mike laughed harshly. "Wouldn't ya like to know?"

Percy shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly although he was quaking with fear inside as he said, "Well, I saw in the paper about a couple of jobs, and I think I know who pulled them."

Mike reached across the counter, grabbed Percy by the collar and jerked him across. "You can't prove nothin'," Mike said, "and you'd better keep that big mouth of yours shut!"

Half strangled, Percy managed to choke out, "T . . . T . . . take it easy, Mike. I wasn't gonna tell on ya. I wasn't gonna say nothing about it!"

With one shove Mike flung Percy up against the far wall. Percy hit, bounced, and slid to the floor. He got up groggily, brushed himself off mechanically and said, "I was just going to say that if I'd known about those jobs I would have been able to plan them for you, and perhaps you'd have pulled them more efficiently and gotten more out of them."

Mike was a snarling blaze of hatred. "I'm doin' all right without you, runt! All my life you been

tellin' me what to do and how to do it. I'm pullin' that next job at the bank Wednesday night, and I don't need no help from you. You just fix my gun." With that, Mike turned and walked off.

Grimly, Percy began to work on the gun. Finally he had it all apart. Then he smiled—not a very pleasant smile.

Shortly afterwards he picked up the telephone and dialed a number.

. . . Three days later the cops came in to see him. One, a big, broad shouldered man dressed in gray, was Reagan, Detective Lieutenant. He approached Percy who was sitting at his work bench. "Know a fellow named Mike Velco?" Reagan asked.

Percy looked, an anxious expression on his face. "Yeah. Sure. He's a sorta friend of mine."

Reagan reached in his pocket. "Ever do any work for him?"

"Some. I took care of his gun. He had a permit to carry one. Don't ask me how he got it."

"Yeah, we know, but it won't bother him any more. We got a tip that he was gonna crack the bank Wednesday night and we were waiting for him."

Percy stood up. "That's a shame," he said. "But what're ya askin' me all these questions for?"

Reagan smiled. "I didn't come in here to ask questions—I came in here to thank you. Even though we were waiting for Velco, he had some of us cold and most certainly some of the boys on the raid would have been killed if it hadn't been for you."

"Me? What did I have to do with it?"

"Don't give me any of that innocent stuff, Percy—we know how smart you are." Reagan pulled a gun out of his pocket and threw it on the counter. "Here's his gun, the one you worked on, the one he never fired."

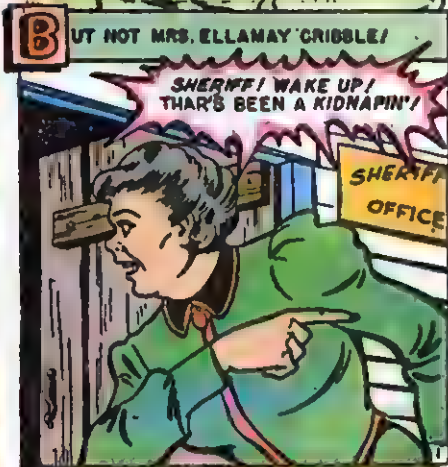
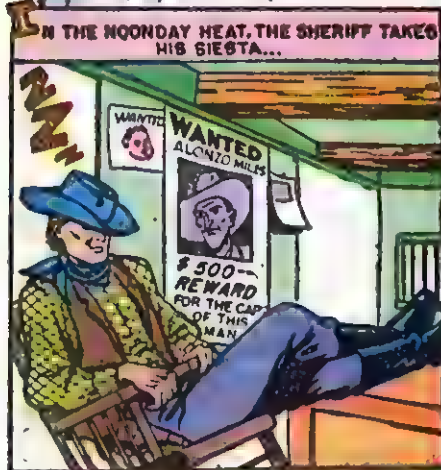
Reagan turned to walk away, but as he did he called back over his shoulder to the grinning Percy. "He's dead, Percy, and good riddance. Velco didn't find out until too late that you had put the safety on backwards so it was off when the position showed it to be on. He never had a chance. So long, Percy."

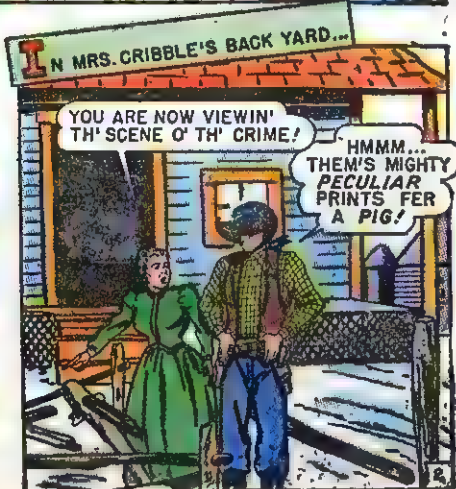
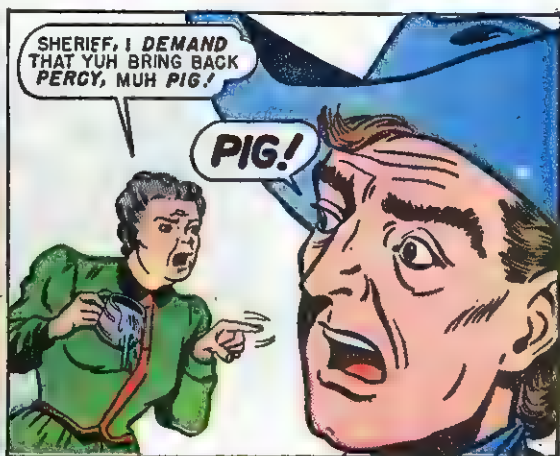
BLAZE CARSON



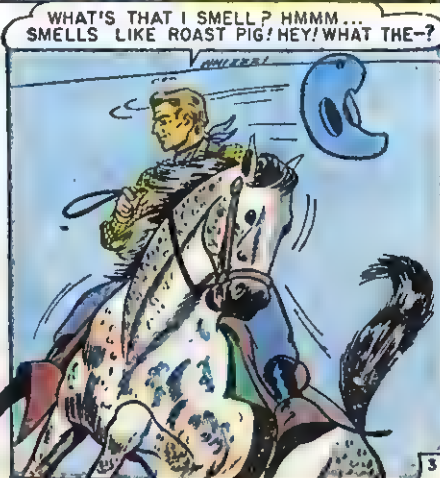
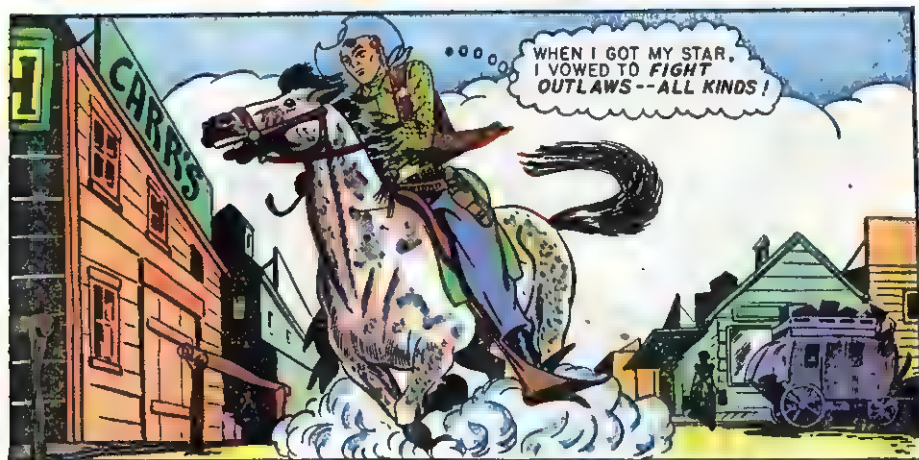
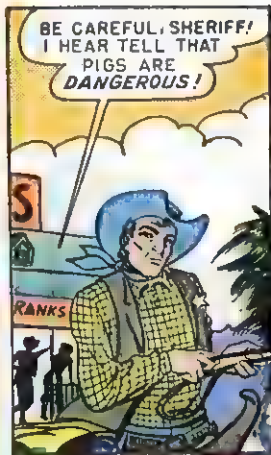
A SHERIFF NEVER KNOWS WHAT TROUBLE HE'LL RUN INTO! SOMETIMES EVEN A ROUTINE INVESTIGATION LEADS TO HOT LEAD, AND A FIGHT FOR LIFE, AS BLAZE CARSON FINDS IN...
"POWDERSMOKE SHOWDOWN!"

3207

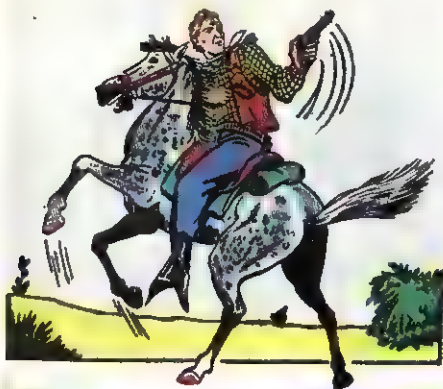




THE SEARCH IS ON.

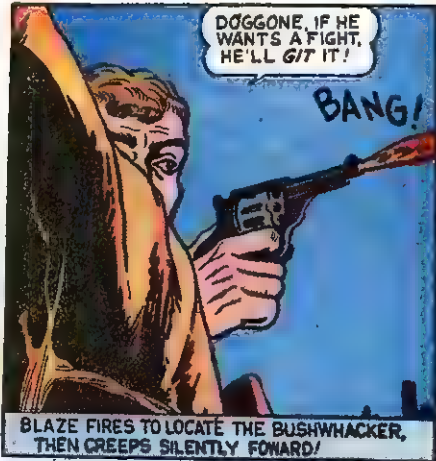


THAT'S THE SHOOTINEST PIG
I EVER DID SEE!



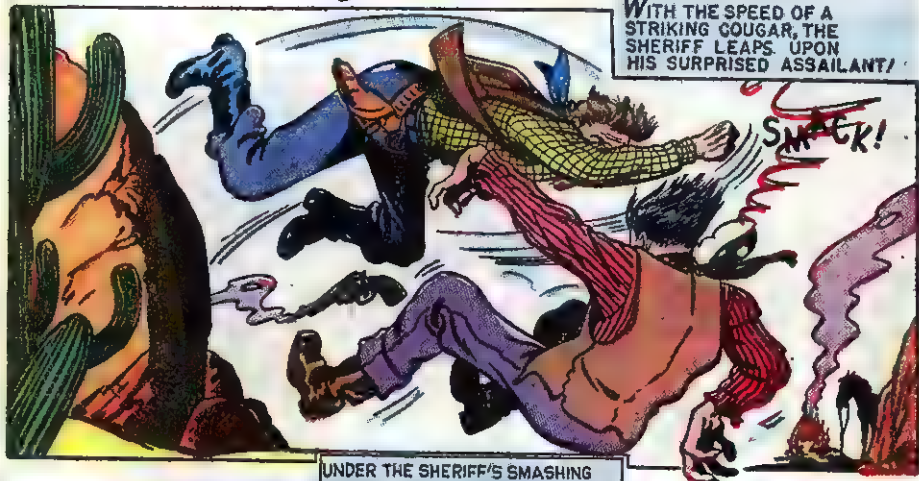
DOGGONE, IF HE
WANTS A FIGHT,
HE'LL GIT IT!

BANG!



BLAZE FIRES TO LOCATE THE BUSHWHACKER,
THEN CREEPS SILENTLY FORWARD!

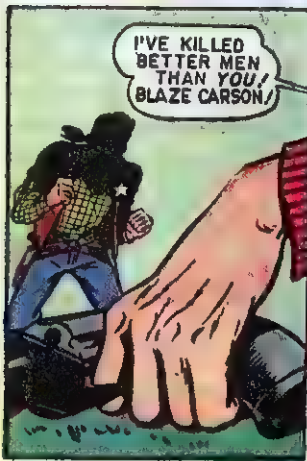
WITH THE SPEED OF A
STRIKING COUGAR, THE
SHERIFF LEAPS UPON
HIS SURPRISED ASSAILANT!



SMACK!

UNDER THE SHERIFF'S SMASHING
ATTACK THE BUSHWHACKER GOES
DOWN...

I'VE KILLED
BETTER MEN
THAN YOU!
BLAZE CARSON!



YUH AIN'T KILLED
ME...

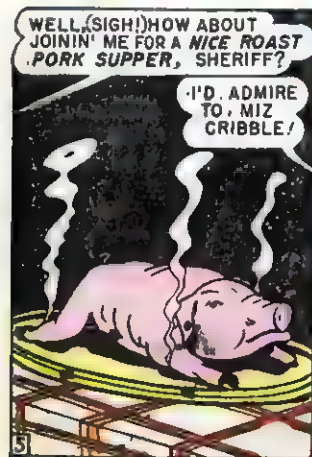
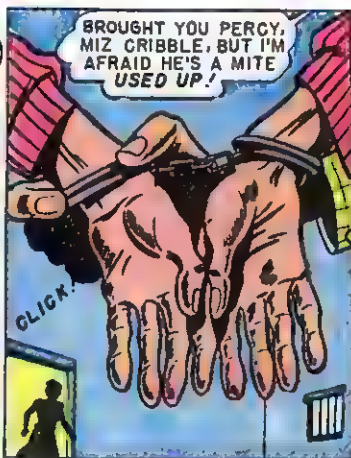
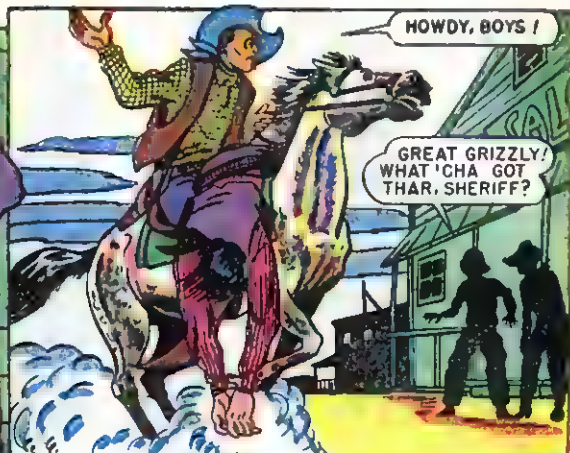
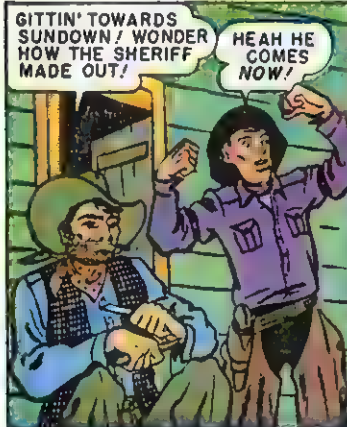


...AND OUT!

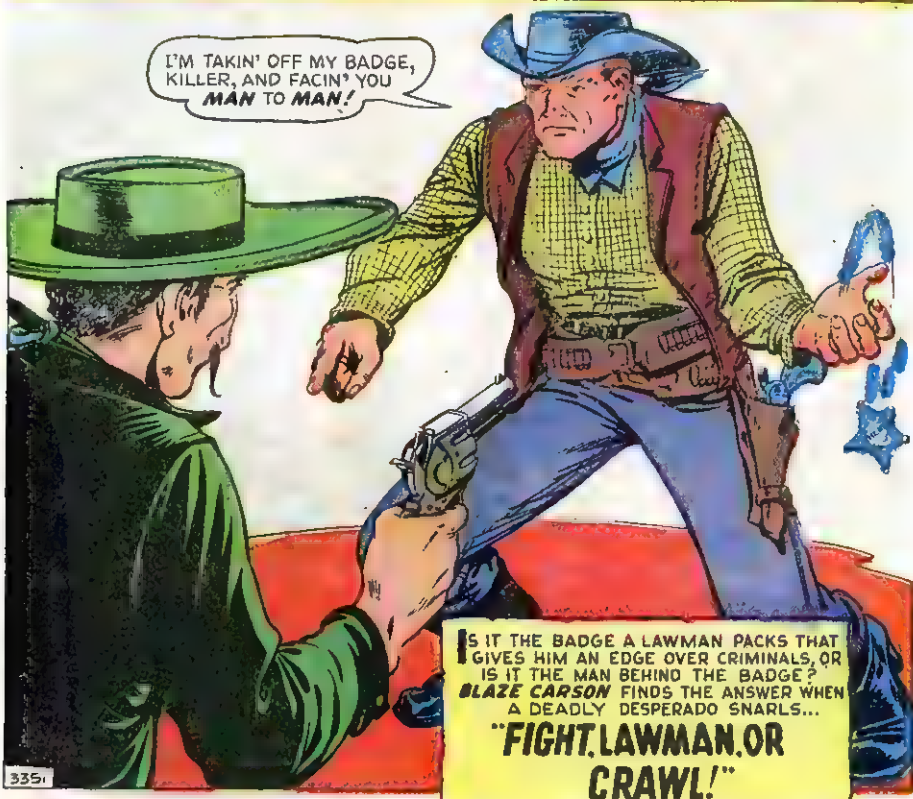
...YET!



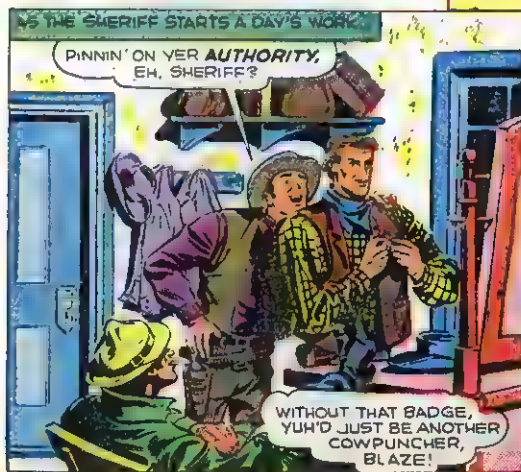
MEANWHILE...

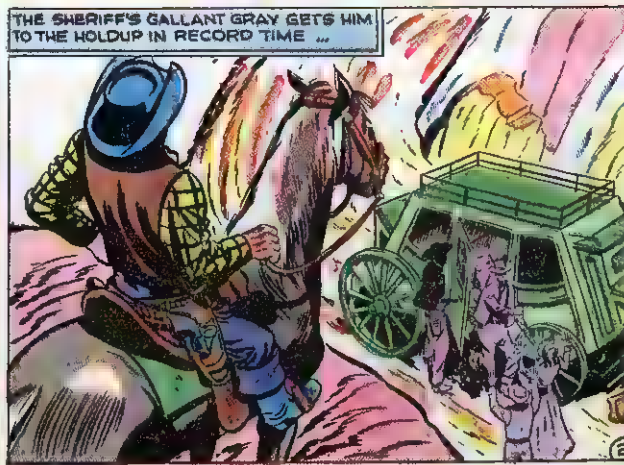
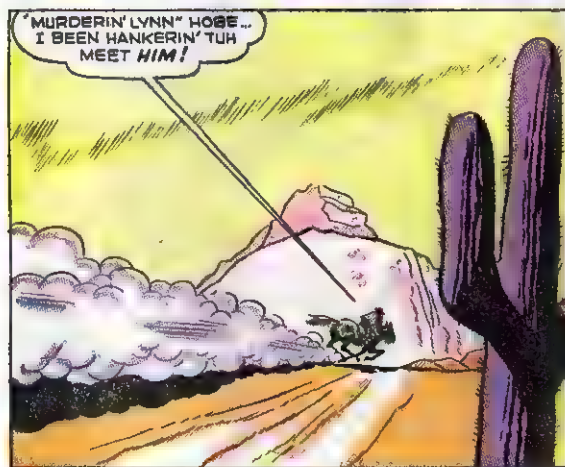
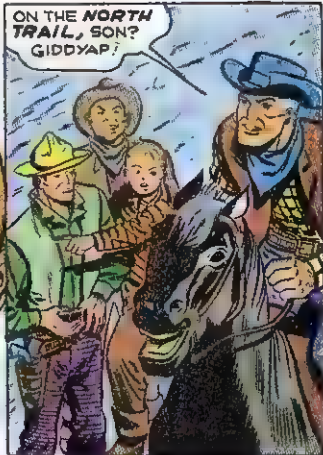
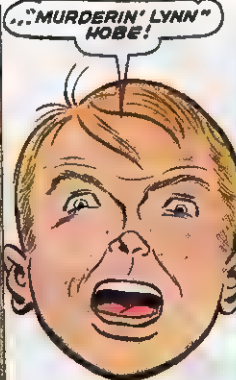
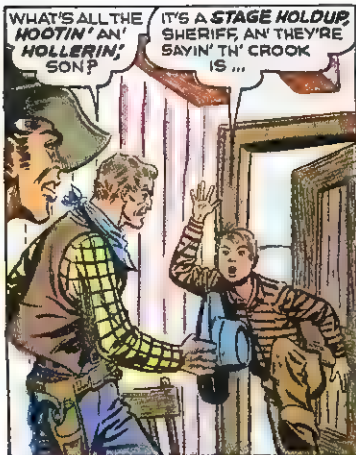


BLAZE CARSON



335





START UNLOADIN' TH' GOLD, PRONTO! I GIT AWFUL IMPATIENT WAITIN'!

HOLD ON, HOBE!

WHY DON'T YA GIVE YERSELF UP? IT'LL SAVE A HEAP O' TROUBLE!

I LIKE TROUBLE... AN' YORE ASKIN' FER IT! EAT LEAD!



BULL'S-EYE! RIGHT IN THE HEART! YER DONE FER!

SEEMS ... LIKE ... IT...



LYNN HOBE STARES UNBELIEVINGLY AS...

YUH CAN'T BE WALKIN'! YER A DEAD MAN!



RETREATING FROM THE ADVANCING LAWMAN, HOBE, IN HIS FRIGHT, SCRAMBLES MADLY UP THE SIDE OF THE STAGECOACH...

I JIST SHOT YUH ... RIGHT IN THE HEART!

THAT'S RIGHT, HOBE!



NOW IT'S MY TURN, YA COYOTE!

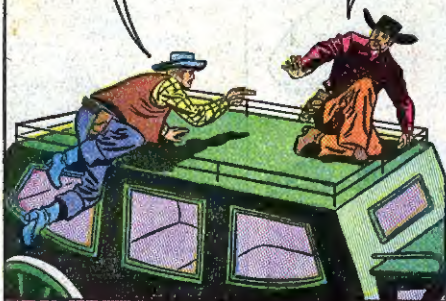


I'M A **PEACE-LOVIN'** HOMBRE, HOBE, BUT IF YUH WANT **FIGHT**, YOU'LL **GIT** IT! I AIM TO TAKE YOU IN WITH MUH **BARE HANDS**!

DON'T CROWD ME, OR YOU'LL **GIT** IT... BE YA **MAN** OR **GHOST**!

C'MON, **FIGHT**, YA **YALLER** DOG!

I SHORE **WILL**, YA **DIRTY** SKUNK!



THE COACH PASSENGERS WATCH, SPELLBOUND, AS BLAZE CARSON STALKS HIS PREY



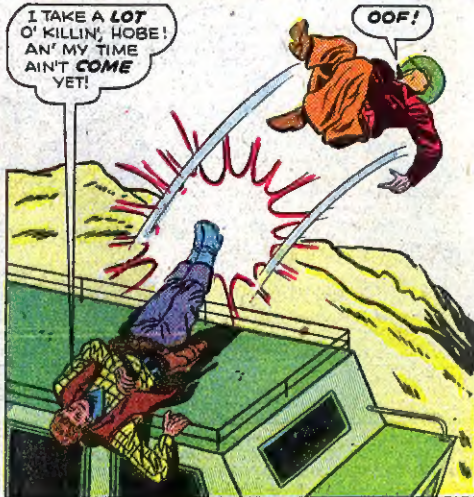
ATOP THE COACH, A FURIOUS BATTLE ENSUES! HOBE, HIS STRENGTH ENHANCED BY HIS FRIGHT, BATTLES FURIOUSLY!

I'LL KILL YA AGIN! I'LL KILL YA SO YA **STAY DEAD**!



I TAKE A **LOT** O' KILLIN', HOBE! AN' MY TIME AIN'T **COME** YET!

OOF!



LATER, AS THE STAGECOACH ROLLS INTO TOWN...

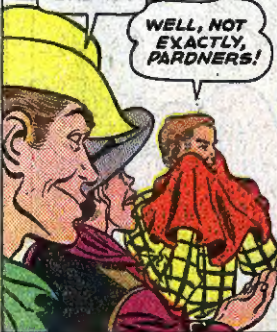
EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT, FOLKS! THE SHERIFF TOOK CARE OF THAT JASPER, HOBE, **PRONTO**!



THE DAY'S WORK DONE...

WE WANT TUH, ER-APOLOGIZE, SHERIFF! YUH TOOK CARE OF THAT VARMINT **WITHOUT** YER **BADGE**!

WELL, NOT EXACTLY, **PARDNERS**!



IT WUZ MUH **BADGE** IN MUH POCKET THAT STOPPED LYNN HOBE'S **FIRST SLUG**!



THE END

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of other wise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want to!*

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. **BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS!** Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it — with a **SAFE** extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?

ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM

TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES

FRANKLY, JIM IT'S THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS

FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!
UGLY BLACKHEADS
OUT in Seconds with
VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it — quickly! — without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ-y fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX — now!



ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"

RUSH
COUPON
NOW!

**10 DAY
TRIAL OFFER**

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way — just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!



**No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!**

Just place VACUTEX over blackhead — release extractor — and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALICO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept 4007
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.
☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.
My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

Reducing Specialist Says:



"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing," Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

LOSE WEIGHT where it shows most **REDUCE**

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER



Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steam baths, drugs or laxatives. Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The "Spot Reducer" can be used in your spare time in your own room. It breaks down fatty tissues, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased, awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat. Two weeks after using the "Spot Reducer," look in the mirror and see a more glamorous, better, firmer, slimmer figure that will delight you. You have nothing to lose but weight for the "Spot Reducer" is sold on a money-back guarantee.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE With a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.



Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

MAIL COUPON NOW!

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. MC-7
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once, for \$2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

FREE

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."